

H. Froxton (P.)
THE

TOWER.

A

POEM.

—— Illic postquam se lumine vero
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur & Astra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra Dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.

Lucan.

*Tb' ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine,
To shock the Grandeur of the stately Pine,
The Height of Structures makes the Ruin large,
And Clouds against high Hills their hottest Bolts
discharge.*

Norris.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR, 1727.

TOWER

BOEM



LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1753



T O

Sir Michael Newton,

Knight of the most Honourable Order of the BATH.

S I R,



E. R. E I writing to a Gentleman of less Candour and Penetration, I should endeavour to make an Apology for my presenting you with a very dark Landscape, when the Bloom of Life, and Glitter of smiling Fortune, invite you to Prof-

ii *The Dedication.*

pects of a different Nature, and you are entering into the most delightful and joyous Scene : At such a Time, a Pastoral embellished with flowery Lawns and rural Beauties might seem more agreeable than a Poem of a Tragic Nature, representing the Misfortunes of Princes and Grantees, and where we meet in every Page with faded Diadems, and broken Coronets.

BUT having had the Honour of receiving Variety of Favours from you, and been admitted by your indulgent Condescension to spend many happy Hours in your delightful Company, from which I never returned without a very sensible Refreshment and Improvement of Mind, I was willing to take some Opportunity of making a public Acknowledgment ; and this little Poem is all I have to offer, and is probably my last Attempt of this Nature, since it is now high Time for me to take my Leave of Poetical Amusements, which yield but a slender Defence against the

The *Dedication.* iii

Storms of adverse Fortune, and rather swell than alleviate every Grief by the Luxuriance of Imagination.

BESIDES in the most pleasant and triumphant Stations it may not be improper sometimes to cast a Glance or two on darker Objects, which, by way of Opposition will heighten those Pleasures, and improve the present Joy. Thus skilful Painters mingle Shades with their brightest Performances, which give a delicate Lustre to their nicest Touches, and richer Colours; and the *Agyptians* who were famous for their Wisdom as well as Grandeur and Magnificence, had Sepulchres among their Gardens.

I HAVE therefore some Reason to hope you will receive this Essay with your usual Goodness, and if in some Places it falls short of that Sprightliness which you were pleased to take Notice of in some of my juvenile Performances, will kind-

iv *The Dedication.*

Iy impute it to the Unhappiness of my present Circumstances, considering, that now I am so far from being encouraged with the Smiles of one of the politest Gentlemen in *Europe*, that I am entirely deprived of the Conversation of the learned World, and languish under most of the Disadvantages incident to human Nature.

My Design then in this Address is very different from the usual Aim of Dedications ; it is not to draw so bright a Character as Sir MICHAEL's, but to testify the deep Sense I retain of your peculiar Obligations, and humbly to desire the Continuance of those favourable Sentiments which you have been pleased to entertain concerning me.

To attempt a Panegyric is altogether needless, since One of the Wisest and Greatest Monarchs in the Universe has so far observed your shining Accomplishments, as to ho-

ROUR

The Dedication. V

nour you with distinguishing Marks
of his Regard.

AND how much you are both beloved and esteemed among your Fellow-Subjects sufficiently appears from what we hear in almost every Day's Conversation, and was very conspicuous in that great Majority of Votes by which you were returned (tho' it was the first Time you stood as a Candidate) Member of this present Parliament.

THESE Distinctions indeed are but the natural Fruits of that leading and particular Favour which Divine Providence presented you with in giving you so refined a Genius, and a Temper so charming and compassionate, which, were your Station as exalted as a certain celebrated *Roman* Emperor's, could never fail of rendering you like Him,
The Delight of Mankind.

THAT

vi *The Dedication.*

THAT you may long adorn, both
the private and publick Scenes of
Life, and flourish for many Years as
a Patriot, and a fine Gentleman, is
the passionate Desire of

Your most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

THOMAS FOXTON.





THE
TOWER.



WHEN Beauty shines with a triumphant Air,
And glitt'ring Scenes surround the lovely Fair,
A thousand Vot'ries chearful Homage pay,

Applaud with Transport, and with Pride obey:
Or, when victorious Princes gild the Throne,
Adoring Crouds Majestic Grandeur own.
But when dark Clouds the charming Prospect stain,
And Fate pronounces Human Glory vain,

The

The gazing Throng from rising Shades retire,
 Mute is each Voice, and silent ev'ry Lyre.
 Thus when the Spring makes chearful Nature
 gay,

And op'ning Flow'rs an Infant Bloom display,
 Round verdant Arbours wing'd Musicians fly,
 And rival Birds with warbling Accents vie :
 But when rich Nature's lavish Painting fades,
 And Lillies droop along the russet Glades,
 The feather'd Choir no more inspire Delight,
 No more adorn the Day, or beautify the Night.
 My pensive Muse has long forgot to rove
 Thro' flow'ry Fields, or trace the waving Grove;
 She views no more the gaudy Rooms of State,
 Nor basks in Rays which *Windsor's* Stars create,
 Forsakes the Scenes where Joys with Beauty
 join,

And Rubies triumph o'er the sparkling Wine.
 She loves to visit sacred mournful Ground,
 Where vaulted lies return the hollow Sound,
 Where kneeling Statues constant Vigils keep,
 And round the Tombs the Marble Cherubs
 weep:

Where the dim Windows shed Religious Light
 And solemn Paintings strike upon the Sight.
 Hence in my Verse no brilliant Pictures rise,
 No verdant Landscapes, nor serener Skies ;
 But awful Truths in sable Beauties drest,
 And pensive Thoughts which wound the human
 Breast:

The T O W E R.

3

For since fair *Eden's* lost, it is decreed
That ev'ry Soul may mourn, and ev'ry Vein
may bleed.

But lest the Preface should appear too long,
And vain *Preludiums* shade the promis'd Song,
Directly now the Subject I'll pursue,
Tho' dark, yet Soft ; and tho' disastrous, New.

C A L M was the Night, and pleasant every
Cloud,

And Heaven's fair Queen in softer Beauty glow'd,
While trembling Silver floated on the Main,
And dancing Stars adorn'd the glassy Plain,
When young *Berinthus* banish'd from the Scenes
Of rural Joys, and fresh returning Greens ;
Rov'd round the Hill near that Majestick
Tower,

Where lies the Emblem of Imperial Power,
And Nobles oft have bled in a resistless
Hour.

There, whilst he walk'd, deep Anguish rack'd his
Mind,

And ev'ry Star, tho' bright, he call'd unkind.

Alas ! (says he) how high my Sorrows rise,
Swell in my Breast, and trickle from my Eyes ;

Whilst full in View departed Joys return

Like fleeting Ghosts, and vanish as I mourn:

A wretched Exile from those Native Fields,

Where blooming Nature matchless Pleasure
yields,

B

Where

Where golden Sun-Beams mix with fainter Shades,
 And tuneful Birds fly cross the spangled Glades;
 Forc'd from the Charms of this delicious Home,
 From Place to Place, from Town to Town I
 roam :

Yet can no sov'reign Remedy be found,
 To ease my Heart, or close my bleeding Wound.
 My dear Companions now my Presence shun,
 And coldly look upon their Friend undone :
 Tedious and sad my Minutes roll along,
 And constant Woes one wretched Scene pro-
 long.

A drousy Grief each Faculty invades,
 And wraps the Soul in ever spreading Shades.
 No fit Employment sooths my anxious Mind,
 Nor social Life with various Pleasures joyn'd :
 Now forc'd like *Adam* from his nuptial Bow'r,
 I mourn each Step, and languish ev'ry Hour.
 No pleasing Books my Study now adorn,
 To blest the Night, and crown the rising Morn:
Milton's majestick Lyre now lies unstrung
 No more I trace the Glories of his Song,
 And *Cowley's* Harp is on the Willows hung.
 Our Great Divines no more my Soul inspire,
 With sacred Raptures, and celestial Fire ;
 Those sweet Companions are for ever fled,
 And thro' the Land in stragling Parcels spread ;
 Why were those Volumes all adorn'd so gay,
 And purest Gold profusely thrown away ?

No

The T O W E R.

5

No more to bright Assemblées I repair,
Abandon'd by the Rich, and slighted by the Fair.

NAY, the learn'd World, which brings me
greater Pain,

Have chang'd Caresses to a colder Strain,
Which wounds the ge'nrous Breast no less
than fierce Disdain.

What then remains to ease my raging Smart,
But one soft Touch of Death's delicious Dart?
Would Heav'n permit, how gladly could I feel,
The tingling Sharpness of the pointed Steel;
Rejoyce to see the sanguine Torrent flow,
Since Shame and Grief have giv'n a deeper Blow.
Thus rov'd the Youth, and wand'ring did com-
plain,

His Sighs were fruitless, and his Tears were
vain,

And whistling Winds return'd the melanco-
ly Strain.

Till quite fatigu'd with Agonies of Grief,
He left the Hill, and sought from Sleep Relief,
Then active Fancy form'd the Scene anew,
And brought the *Tower* directly to his View;
The same high Turrets glitter'd as before,
And fresh He seem'd his Sorrows to deplore.
When soon an Object fill'd him with Surprise,
As to the *Tower* he rais'd his wond'ring Eyes,

There at an open Window he survey'd
 A portly Man in Purple Cloaths array'd. *
 Uncommon Beauty had adorn'd his Face,
 But Grief had stain'd and sully'd every Grace,
 Then thus aloud — Cease, cease, fond Youth,
 he cry'd,
 And stem thy raging Grief's impetuous Tide.
 Must Heaven's eternal Laws be chang'd for
 Thee,
 And bend to Passion, Dust, and Misery?
 O'er all Mankind pale Grief extends his
 Reign,
 Victors and vanquish'd all must wear his
 Chain,
 Droop under piercing Woes, or tofs in raging
 Pain.
 Then why, weak Man, dost Thou regret thy
 Fate?
 Was thy Birth noble, or thy Fortune great?

* Richard II. *Grandchild to King Edward III. being the Son and Heir of the Black Prince, and aged eleven Years, was after the Death of his Grand-father crowned King of England, July the 16th, Anno 1377, and was sent to the Tower in the twenty-third Year of his Reign, and from thence to Pontfraet Castle in Yorkshire, where He was assassinated by Sir Pierce Exton, and eight other armed Men.*

How

The T O W E R.

7

How oft have Royal Robes receiv'd a Stain,
And the Crown Jewels glitter'd all in vain?
The bright *Tiara* once adorn'd my Head,
And round my Temples regal Lustre shed,
But angry Fate my dazzling State o'erturn'd,
And in this very Room the lonely Monarch
mourn'd.

My perjur'd Kinsman proudly seiz'd the Throne,
Whilst fickle Crouds the stern Usurper own.
Farther, to render all my Woes compleat,
I laid my Scepter at that Exile's Feet.
My blooming Bride to *France* was driven away,
And Love and Empire lost in one disastrous
Day.

From hence to distant Castles they convey'd,
Of princely Pomp the melancholy Shade.
There oft when Slumber clos'd my wearied Eyes,
Fallacious Scenes with antient State would
rise;

Again rich Jewels in the Crown would glow,
And shining Crouds at awful Distance bow:
But when I wak'd, and call'd my Guards
around,

Echo alone return'd the hollow Sound,
Or Ghosts that nightly skim'd along the fatal
Ground.

Thus dark and sad roll'd ev'ry tedious Hour,
When stripp'd of Empire, and depriv'd of Pow'r,
Nor only so, but trampled on by Scorn,
The Vulgar us'd me like a Wretch forlorn.

But Guilt and Fear rack'd HENRY's cruel Breast,
 Nor would the Furies suffer him to rest,
 Till Death had clos'd this finish'd Scene of
 Woe,

And the lost Prince receiv'd his fatal Blow.
 Just as the Dinner crown'd my lonely Board,
 And fainting Nature long'd to be restor'd,
 Nine furious Ruffians rush'd into the Room,
 Dark as the Skies o'ercast with angry Gloom,
 Death menac'd in their Looks, and fir'd my
 Blood,

And active Vigour ran thro' all the purple Flood;
 I view'd the Murd'ers with a fierce Disdain,
 Whilst sharp Resentment beat in ev'ry Vein,
 Traytors! your Doom was fix'd, nor did yet
 come in vain.

For like a Prince, I made a noble Stand,
 And snatch'd a Halberd from a Rebel's Hand;
 Resistless Slaughter hung upon the Blade,
 And four Assassins at my Feet I laid:
 In vain did they their sudden Fate deplore,
 They bled, they fell, and falling rose no more,
 The conscious Walls return'd their dying Sound,
 And mangled Limbs lay quiv'ring on the Ground.
 Then barbarous *Extor* sily wrought my Fall,
 And kill'd a Man superior to them all:
 Had but the Traytor met my vengeful Eye,
 In vain the Pole-Ax had been lifted high;
 The Coward's Heart had sheath'd my sharper
 Steel,

And burst with Pangs a Villain ought to feel.

Thus

Thus spoke the Prince. — and stately then withdrew,

Nor could the Youth the Royal Shade pursue.
But whilst He mourn'd that Monarch's dismal
Fate,

Reversed Empire, and dejected State,
He saw another Window op'ning wide,
And there a * Person drest in Black descri'd,
A pious Air appear'd thro' all his Face,
And deck'd each Feature with an awful Grace,
But Sorrow there had left a dismal Trace. }

How soon (He cry'd) does Human Glory fade,
Like springing Flowers that paint the verdant
Glade;

N ot only fades, but turns to Gloom and Woe
By Heav'n's Decree, and Fate's resistless Blow.
When first I enter'd on this Earthly Ball,
A thousand Joys stood waiting for my Call ;

* Henry VI. Son of King Henry V. an Infant of nine Months old, was crowned King, and the Duke of Gloucester made Protector of his Person and Realm; and the Duke of Bedford established Regent of France. But in the thirteenth Year of the Reign of King Edward IV. was found dead in his Chamber in the Tower, being (as was reported) cruelly murdered, stabbed with a Dagger by the Duke of Gloucester, King Edward's Brother.

Deck'd

Deck'd with the Lustre of my Father's Name,
Who conquer'd *France*, and gain'd immortal
Fame,

His noble Sword receiv'd a Scarlet Stain,
And vet'ran Armies bled in one Campaign.
Scarce had nine Moons roll'd softly o'er my
Head,

And springing Bloom an Infant Beauty shed,
But *England* join'd with *France*, proclaim'd me
King,

And sounding Fame stretch'd ev'ry dazling Wing.
Majestick Lyons round my Standards shin'd,
And mingling Lillies glitter'd in the Wind.

My Coronation follow'd; and a Boy
Receiv'd the Ensigns of Imperial Joy:

The Royal Ring with blended Jewels gay
Did round my Temples dazling Gleams display:
The polish'd Sapphire shed a Heavenly Blue,
While trembling Green from spotless Em'-
rals flew,

And lovely Rubies shone triumphant to the
View.

But soon my smiling Skies were overcast,
And Storms arose with Death in every Blast.
First *France* revolted from our mild Command,
And *English* Blood enrich'd the *Gallic* Land.
Then dire Rebellion rais'd her monstrous Head,
And thro' the Land fermenting Poison spread:

The T O W E R. II

First a vile Ruslick *did the Laws oppose,
And the mad Croud in giddy Tumults rose :
The haughty Wretch elate to *London* came,
Presumptuous, scatter'd wild Sedition's Flame,
Nor fear'd the Terror of the Royal Name.
But Vengeance soon the daring Miscreant found,
And his dire Faction sunk beneath the mighty
Wound.

Yet then, Heav'n knows, no keen Resentment
slain'd

The joyful Triumph which our Arms had gain'd;
Five hundred Pris'ners shar'd our Princely
Grace,

Reviving Mercy shew'd an Angel's Face,
And set the Wretches free from Torture and
Disgrace.

Some few Examples Justice did demand,
To teach Obedience to a fickle Land.

Then factious YORK with vain Ambition fir'd,
To lawless Pow'r and distant Crowns aspir'd :
What Streams of Blood thro' all the Land were
shed !

And his *White Rose* was dy'd with fatal *Red* !

Brothers with Brothers were at mortal Strife,
Nor did the Son regard his Father's Life.

Whilst Death in Triumph stalk'd through all the
Land,

And Nature mourn'd his unrelenting Hand.

* *Jack Cade.*

Witness

Witness St. *Albans*, where five thousand bled,
 And mighty Warriors mingled with the Dead.
 There, SOMERSET receiv'd his fatal Wound,
 And CLIFFORD's Blood distain'd the hostile
 Ground.

Upon my Neck a roving Arrow flew,
 Just pierc'd the Skin, and rais'd a sanguine Dew;
 A nobler Arm had sent it to my Heart,
 And set me free from ev'ry future Smart.
 To a low Cottage then the Monarch fled,
 And a thatch'd Roof receiv'd a Royal Head:
 No Palace now with Cedar nobly ceil'd,
 Nor Beds of Silk could downy Slumbers yield.
 Then faithless YORK pretended to be mild,
 And with false Arts his easy Prince beguil'd:
 No solemn Oaths his restless Soul could bind,
 And all his Vows were scatter'd in the Wind.
 So Tygers couch the better to survey,
 The Soil around, and seize their destin'd Prey.
 His native Pride with double Rage return'd,
 And vengeful Plots in his dark Bosom burn'd:
 Again new Armies try'd the doubtful Field,
 And Treach'ry made our fainting Squadrons
 yield;
 Had GREY stood firm, the Conquest had been sure,
 And bleeding *England* found a speedy Cure.
 Hard Fate, that thus rebellious Armies rose,
 Their gentle Sov'reign vilely to depose;
 Since fiercest Traytors own'd my Temper meek,
 My guiltless Blood how could their Malice
 seek?

But

But when mad Fury poisons all the Blood,
And rolls in Tides along the reeking Flood,
Tumultuous Crouds rush on without Controul,
And savage Passion shakes the spotted Soul.
Coursers untam'd, thus scour along the Plain,
And snuff the swifter Wind with fierce Dis-
dain,

Nor can the Charioteer their flying Race re-
strain.

Whilst thus Success on haughty YORK did wait,
He enter'd *London* in triumphant State.

A naked Sword before Him fiercely gleam'd,
And from his Eyes a sparkling Sternness stream'd.
Could such a Prince give anxious Nations Rest?
Or chace Vexation from the throbbing Breast?
Rather He spread destructive Mischief round,
Swell'd every Grief, and tortur'd every Wound.
But Vengeance shaded all his Schemes with
Death.

And fleeting Grandeur vanish'd with his Breath,
Just at the op'ning of blest *Christmas* Day,
When Joy prevails, and ev'ry House looks gay;
When grateful Transports warm each Zealous
Breast,

With bright Ideas of eternal Rest.

Wakefield then paid what fam'd St. *Albans* ow'd:
And sinking YORK atton'd for STAFFORD's
Blood.

But what avails a transient Gleam of Joy,
One sudden Turn did all my Hopes destroy.

The

The Son accomplish'd what the Father sought,
 Ev'ry dark Scheme to full Perfection
 brought,
 And Victory crown'd the Youth beyond his
 utmost Thought.

He gain'd the Glories of Imperial Power,
 Whilst weeping HENRY languish'd in the *Tower*.
 When seven long Years were spent in pungent
 Grief,

Fallacious Pleasure gave a short Relief:
 Again my Crown with Triumph was restor'd,
 And willing Nations own'd their injur'd Lord.
 But cruel Fate soon made the Blessing vain,
 Short was the Bliss, and transient was my Reign.
 WARWICK (like MERLIN) rais'd a Fairy Scene,
 The Palace glitter'd, and the Groves look'd
 green.

Yet soon we saw their richest Beauties fade,
 Sink deep in Night, and mingle with the Shade;
 To this Apartment I again return'd,
 And here a Pris'ner all my Life I mourn'd.
 My only Son, just in his op'ning Bloom,
 With barb'rous Rage was hurry'd to his Tomb:
 The proud Usurper gave the leading Blow,
 Then mingling Swords made Purple Torrents
 flow.

With various Wounds they made his Bosom
 gay,

And low on Earth young bleeding EDWARD lay.
 So the fair Lilly leans his drooping Head,
 When newly torn from his delicious Bed.

The T O W E R. 15

GLOS'TER and HASTINGS then in Blood combin'd,

And WARWICK's Rage with DORSET's Ponyard join'd.

But righteous Vengeance fell on ev'ry Head,

And in their Turns the guilty Nobles bled.

Thus num'rous Sorrows did my Glory stain,

And piercing Grief rack'd ev'ry trembling Vein.

No flagrant Crimes produc'd this mighty Woe,

Nor did my Mis'ry from my Vices flow,

From Virtue's Paths I never loosely stray'd,

But, tho' a Prince, Religion's Laws obey'd:

Preserv'd Devotion with assiduous Care,

And stood secure from ev'ry sensual Snare.

The proudest Beauties drest in all their Charms,

Could never tempt me to their wanton Arms.

No savage Fierceness ever stain'd my Mind,

To Rebels meek, and e'en to Traytors kind.

Yet was my Life to Grief a wretched Prey,

And rending Storms drove ev'ry Sweet away:

Till GLOS'TER's Sword push'd on my fatal

Hour,

And Royal Blood distain'd the mournful *Tower*.

Then to St. *Paul's* my Body was convey'd,

And my pale Face to open View display'd.

When trickling Blood ran fresh from ev'ry

Wound,

For Vengeance call'd and stain'd the sacred

Ground.

No gaudy Trophies at my Fun'ral blaz'd,

No Torches shone, nor crouding Legions gaz'd:

C

No

No solemn Service, nor harmonious Choir,
 Nor swelling Organs did the Soul inspire,
 To scorn terrestrial Joys, and raise her Wishes
 higher. }

But dismal Silence thro' the Abbey reign'd,
 And awful Gloom unrivall'd State maintain'd.

HE ceas'd—And CLARENCE * to the Window
 came,

Once a bright Warrior of extended Fame ;
 Oft had He triumph'd in the doubtful Field,
 And mark'd with Crimson his victorious Shield ;
 But by his Brother's treach'rous Arts betray'd,
 His lofty Plumes deep in the Dust were laid,
 Soil'd with Despair and Death's malignant
 Shade. }

The sprightly Product of the gen'rous Vine,
 Which warms the Heart, and makes the Fancy
 shine,

Destroy'd the Duke with a surrounding Flood,
 Stiffen'd each Nerve, and froze his vital Blood.
 He told *Berinthus* his disastrous Death,
 And how indignant He resign'd his Breath ;
 The Murd'ers Guilt in lively Colours drew,
 Then sought the Shade, and silently with-drew.

* *Brother to King Richard III.*

WHEN

WHEN * two bright Youths at Distance did
 appear,
 Like *April* Flourets in the infant Year:
 When balmy Violets sip the silver Dew,
 And pleasant Show'rs still keep their Verdure
 new.

The Eldest shone in Cloaths of glossy Red,
 Around his Breast a Star rich Lustre shed,
 And ductile Gold in gay Meanders spread.
 Of softer blue the Younger wore a Vest,
 With silver Sprigs and fine Embroid'ry drest,
 Then thus the foremost to *Berinthus* cry'd,
 Curb thy Desires, and mortify thy Pride;
 Obscure thy Birth, and thy Descent was mean,
 See here the Off-spring of a beauteous Queen,
 Who pass'd thro' Woes unknown, and trod
 the darkest Scene.

Our faithless Uncle treach'rous Arts prepar'd,
 And prov'd our Bane who should have been our
 Guard,
 When set on Murder, and intent on Blood,
 He loudly clamour'd for the publick Good.
 He like a speckled Serpent roll'd along,
 And darted Mischiefs from his forked Tongue:

* *King Edward V. and his Brother. The Former
 reigned but two Months and ten Days.*

Tho' soft his Speech, and flatt'ring were his
Words,

They stung like Asps, and pierc'd like pointed
Swords.

In vain two Nations own'd me as their King,
And joyful Shouts made Heav'n's high Arches
ring,

Since, all my Palace was this fatal *Tow'r*,
And piercing Grief stain'd ev'ry youthful Hour.

No proper Marks of Honour here were
shown,

The Sweets of Pow'r and Lustre of a Throne,
To Me, a Monarch, were alike unknown. }

But the proud Tyrant could not rest secure,

Till this young Prince was likewise in his
Pow'r ;

With show'ry Eyes the Queen resign'd her Son,
And her Delight for ever then was gone.

Relentless TYRREL to our Chamber came,

Just as the Sun diffus'd a rosie Flame,

He cut us off from the reviving Light,

And seal'd our Eyes in Shades of lasting Night.

THUS perjur'd RICHARD gain'd the tempt-
ing Crown,

Whilst in his Breast the lashing Furies frown.

They spread a Terror thro' his anxious Breast,

And ghastly Spectres broke his balmy Rest ;

Where Guilt comes on, there Terror lags be-
hind,

And dreadful Tempests gather in the Wind.

THUS

THUS having said, the Princes went their
Way,

And the Lord *HASTINGS did his Fate display,
Who lost his Life by GLOS'TER's cruel Rage,
That Bane of Peace, and Monster of the Age,
The Tears distill'd as He rehears'd his Woe,
Th' insulting Tyrant, and the sudden Blow.
Strong Gusts of Passion seem'd to shake his
Breast,

And moving Strains his inward Grief confess.
I rose (said He) upon my fatal Day
With active Strength and manly Vigour gay;
My vital Flood roll'd with unusual Haste,
Conscious that Morning was to prove my
last:

* *The Lord Hastings was ever faithful to King Edward IV. and his Family. Him the Protector attempted by great Gifts and Promises to win to his Party, but finding it was in vain, He Himself arrested Him, and accused Him of High Treason, and forthwith without any other Proceedings and Judgment, caused him to be carried out into the Green (they being then in the Tower) and his Head to be cut off.*

But heedless I, of future Joys presum'd,
And sunk in Death when all my Wishes
bloom'd.

Had I observ'd the courteous STANLEY's Dream
My happy Flight had been a joyful Theme
For all my Friends; GLOS'TER alone had
mourn'd,

And I in Pomp with RICHMOND had return'd.
But when we fall by Heaven's unchang'd De-
cree,

We take no Warnings, nor no Snares we see.
But rush intrepid on resistless Fate,
Bleed as we think, and then repent too late.
Tho' Zeal for Orphans seem'd to work my
Fall,

Yet * EDWARD's Death for sure Revenge did
call :

That scarlet Crime hung heavy o'er my Head,
And my last Hours with Terror overspread.

* Son to King Henry VI.

HE ceas'd, and soon a * Lady did appear
 With Eyes serene, and with an Aspect clear,
 In softest Accents she declar'd her Doom,
 How jealous Rage did blast her early Bloom,
 And chang'd her Palace to a silent Tomb. }
 No soft Entreaties HENRY's Heart could move,
 Stern to the Fair, and cruel to his Love.
 Yet Virtue gilds the darkest Fields of Night,
 Shines thro' Distress, and paints Affliction
 bright.

A venerable † Man next took his Turn,
 From whom the wisest might Instruction learn.

* *Queen Anne Boleyn, in the twenty-eighth Year of King Henry VIII's. Reign was apprehended and sent to the Tower, where shortly after She was arraigned before the Duke of Norfolk (sitting as High Steward) and twenty-six Peers, and answered so fully to all Objections, that the Peers had acquitted Her but for the Duke of Suffolk, who wholly applied Himself to gratify the King's Humour, and She was condemned to Death, either to be burnt in the Green, or to be beheaded, at the King's Pleasure.*

† *Sir Thomas More was sent to the Tower in the twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of King Henry VIII.*

The

The *Chancellor* a noble Figure made,
 In all his proper Ornaments array'd:
 As when He sat in Council at the Board,
 Or injur'd Suppliants to their Rights restor'd.

THUS he began—What Mortal can be sure
 His Joys shall last, or Grandeur stand secure?
 Progressive Learning did my Youth adorn,
 And not one Cloud to shade the smiling Morn;
 Still as my Years increas'd Success came on,
 And prosp'rous Hours in beauteous Circles
 shone.

My Royal Master made each Minute fair,
 And brought me forward with indulgent Care.
 Did not disdain to treat me like a Friend,
 Or vacant Hours with Me familiar spend.
 Oft in the grateful Silence of the Night,
 When twinkling Stars display'd a beauteous
 Light,

Their rolling Orbs together we survey'd,
 And joint Remarks upon their Nature made.
 Yet Storms unseen with sudden Fury rose,
 Fomented Jars, and banish'd soft Repose.
 Nought but my Death my Sov'raign then
 could please,

(Rough and tempestuous like the Northern
 Seas)

Nor pious FISHER's Death his flaming Wrath
 appease.

No friendly Planet then its Influence shed,
 To keep the Steel from my devoted Head:

Yet

The T O W E R. 23

Yet with due Courage I my Life resign'd,
And abject Fear deliver'd to the Wind.

HE added not—and then an * Earl appear'd,
For rising Grandeur once by all rever'd.
Tho' low his Birth, tho' his Descent but mean,
He well became the most exalted Scene;
His matchless Virtues brighten'd ev'ry Place
He shone in all with a superior Grace,
To garter'd Dukes, and Lords of noblest
Race.

Then thus the Earl BERINTHUS did address,
Thy swelling Grief's impetuous Tide suppress,
Thro' all the Earth promiscuous Sorrows fall,
And rack the Tenants of this earthly Ball:
From Him whose Feet on Golden Carpets
tread,
To lab'ring Peasants in the lonely Mead.
Once constant Pleasures did my Hours em-
ploy,
In new Delights and fresh redundant Joy.

* Thomas Cromwell, *Earl of Essex*, in the thirty-second Year of the Reign of King Henry VIII. was unexpectedly apprehended sitting at the Council-Table, and committed to the Tower, was accused in Parliament of Treason and Here-sy, and without being brought to his Answer, was condemned and beheaded.

In Church Affairs the King's Vicegerent
made,
The Infant Reformation claim'd my Aid,
Had all my Heart, and thriv'd beneath my
Shade.

Till haughty NORFOLK with the Monks combin'd,
And wrought my Fall, with crafty SURREY
join'd.

Impartial Justice strict Reprisals made,
And SURREY's Head as low as mine was laid :
Nor could his Wit or polish'd Genius save
The busy States-man from an early Grave.
Heav'n knows the constant Tenour of my Life,
Was fill'd with Love, not stain'd with Wrath
and Strife.

By various Ways I Gratitude express,
And chac'd Dejection from the anxious Breast,
Stood by my Friends when sinking in the Shade,
And num'rous Woes their fainting Hearts dis-
may'd.

Thus when aspiring WOLSEY's Hopes were
lost,
And Nobles strove who should disgrace Him
most,

In open Parliament my Friend I own'd,
And call'd for Pity when the Monarch frown'd.
Yet, I confess, when my own Death drew near,
My Courage droop'd beneath prevailing Fear :
In abject Terms, submissive, I implor'd
Pardon (in vain) from my relentless Lord.

What

What He deny'd the King of Kings bestow'd,
And heavenly Love in boundless Currents
flow'd.

HE said no more——Then * SOMERSET
came on,
Who once sublime in his Meridian shone,
Protector of the King, and Guardian of his
Throne.

At once the Prince's and the Subject's Joy,
His Bliss ran clear without the least Alloy,
Till spotted Envy rais'd her direful Head,
And with Her Venom struck the Hero dead.
The Hill was crouded when the Patriot dy'd,
And grizly Death in all his Pomp defy'd.
Oft had He view'd Him on the martial Plain,
Nor fear'd his Terrors in the red Campaign.
Undaunted therefore He resign'd his Breath,
Smil'd on his Pain, and beautify'd his Death.
But piercing Grief seiz'd EDWARD's Royal
Breast,
And Pangs of Sorrow not to be exprest.

* In the sixth Year of King Edward VI. the
Duke of Somerset was sent to the Tower, and
tho' the King laboured to save his Uncle, yet by
the Violence of his Enemies, he was brought to
the Scaffold two Months after his Condemna-
tion.

Diffolv'd

Diffolv'd in Tears, the Monarch oft would
say,

Would no kind Friend for noble SEYMOUR
pray,

Or try to stem the Tide which bore his Life
away !

The Duke at large did to the Youth relate
His splendid Life and his exalted State,
How suppliant Nobles waited at his Call,
And Nations wept at his disastrous Fall.

THEN He withdrew—And a young * Lady
came,

Whose matchless Virtues far transcended Fame
Uncommon Wit with perfect Beauty join'd ;
Fair was her Face, but brighter was her Mind:
She seem'd to stand in richest Garments drest,
And clust'ring Rubies glitter'd on her Breast.
Hard was my Fate the blooming Virgin cry'd,
Condemn'd when Queen, and mourning when
a Bride,

Yet 'tis well known I never sought the Crown
Empire I slighted, and despis'd Renown.
In solid Learning plac'd my chief Delight,
The Pleasure of the Day, and Solace of the
Night.

* Lady Jane Gray.

But

The T O W E R. 27

But envious Death soon rifled all my Charms,
And rudely snatch'd me from my DUDLEY's
Arms.

Thus sudden Storms lay blooming Gardens
waste,

The lovely Beds of Flow'rs are all defac'd,
And fragrant Blossoms fall before th' impetu-
ous Blast.

Then brighter Scenes did open to my View,
For ever glorious and for ever new ;
Celestial Flow'rs smil'd with unfading Red,
And Heav'nly Crowns immortal Lustre shed.

THE Lady ceas'd——next at the Window
shone

A youthful * Warriour, once of great Renown,
Who joyful fill'd the most illustrious Scene,
The happy Fav'rite of a Virgin Queen:
Whose potent Arms made vet'ran Squadrons
yield,

And gain'd rich Trophies from the bloody Field.
Not only so, but triumph'd on the Main,
And sunk th' *Armada* of insulting *Spain*.

This mighty Princess made his Grandeur bright,
Still near the Throne, and frequent in her Sight,

* Robert D' Evereux, *Earl of Essex*, was sent
to the Tower, and beheaded 1601.

But flatt'ring Fortune slabb'd him with a Smile,
 And fond Ambition did His Hopes beguile.
 At once He lost His Honour and his Head,
 And Royal Favours vanish'd as He bled.
 He told his Charge with a becoming Air,
 How dark his Exit, and his Life how fair;
 Then sudden vanish'd from *Berinthus* Sight,
 And sought the lonely Covert of the Night.

BEHOLD, great RALEIGH next appears in
 View,

Whose spotless Fame will shine for ever new.
 The Camp or Cabinet could well adorn,
 And Plans project for Nations yet unborn.
 He heard the Waves in all their Terror roar,
 And view'd the Product of each distant Shore,
 Where roughest Storms and driving Snow pre-
 vail,
 Or Zephyrs breathe in ev'ry balmy Gale.

* Sir Walter Raleigh in the Year 1618. was committed to the Tower, and thence brought to the King's Bench-Bar, where the Record of his Conviction at Winchester was read, and it was demanded why Execution should not be done upon Him according to the former Judgment. He answered, that His Judgment was voided by the late Commission given Him by the King. Notwithstanding He was beheaded next Morning.

The T O W E R. 29

He well describ'd the Wonders He survey'd,
And all the World with beauteous Art display'd ;

Rais'd antient Heroes from the Shades of Night,
And plac'd their Virtues in the fairest Light.
Consummate Wisdom breathes in ev'ry Line,
Where sprightly Wit, and solid Learning shine.
Aloud the Hero cry'd, with some Disdain,
My Care was fruitless, and my Labour vain,
BRITANNIA'S Glory thro' the Earth to spread,
Or save my Prince when sinking to the dead.
Charg'd with black Crimes I languish'd in this
Tow'r,

And studious Grief fill'd ev'ry circling Hour.
Yet Prison Sorrows did my Soul refine,
Made Virtue thrive, and patient Meekness
shine,

So Jewels set in Jet more bright appear,
And the dark Foil makes all their Beauties
clear,

Then one sharp Sentence set me free from Pain
The bleeding Victim of revengeful Spain.

Then full in view there came a stately * Peer,
Whose Grandeur once the Nobles did revere, }
Him Princes view'd, with Wonder and with
Fear.

* Thomas Wentworth *Earl of Strafford*
was executed Anno 1640.

But factious Storms the sinking Statef-man tost,
 In wild Ambition's boundless Whirlpool lost.
 Long did the King prevent the dismal Blow,
 And screen the *Victim* from his destin'd Woe.
 At last, quite tir'd, he gave the Torrent way,
 And fix'd the Time for STRAFFORD's fatal
 Day.

The Earl in Accents of Pathetic Woe,
 Did to the Youth his Tragick Hist'ry show.
 Harsh were my Foes, and cruel was their
 Hate,

To urge my Doom, and bring resistless Fate,
 They made new Laws, and shock'd the tot-
 t'ring State.

Thus while He spake, strong Passion dim'd his
 Face,

And pale Regret discolour'd ev'ry Grace.
 No more his Visage with a Lustre shone,
 But frowning He look'd back, and mourning
 hurry'd on.

WHEN He went off, to close the Tragic
 Scene,
 A sprightly * Youth advanc'd in beauteous
 Green.

* James Duke of Monmouth was beheaded
 in the Year 1685.

The TOWER.

31

Rich as the Colours of the shining Field,
When blooming Groves their fragrant Ver-
dure yield.

A glossy Scarf across his Bosom shone,
And shed a Lustre as the Duke came on.
In me (He cry'd) the wond'ring World sur-
vey'd,

How Glory fleets, and noblest Triumphs fade.
My early Years were joyful, bright, and
fair,

I thriv'd beneath my Father's Royal Care,
And various Honours did his Love declare.
Then num'rous Titles did my Youth adorn,
And the rich blue by sov'reign Princes worn.
In foreign Realms by Arms I gain'd Re-
nown,

And rising Laurels did our Battles crown.
But ah! too soon in strong Pursuit of Fame,
To BRITAIN'S Coast our luckless Vessel came;
Tho' flatt'ring Gales their best Attendance
paid,

And round the Shrouds and waving Streamers
play'd.

Yet grim Despair check'd our advent'rous
Haste,

And Death stood near our brightest Hopes to
blat.

The tardy Nobles came not to my Aid,
I gain'd but one, and He the Cause betray'd.
(But soon these Lords their Bondage did deplore,
And call'd a Hero from the *Belgic* Shore. *)
Yet joyful Crouds proclaim'd their Darling King,
And with their Shouts they made the Skies to ring,
While beauteous Ladies did their Art display,
And with Embroid'ry made my Standards gay.
But swift Disaster all this Pomp o'erturn'd,
My Foes rejoyc'd, and Friends in Torture mourn'd.
Their Wounds and Pain gave me the greatest Smart,
Rack'd every Vein, and stabb'd my bleeding Heart.
They made a noble Push to gain the Field,
Fought as they fell, nor dying would they yield.
Nor I my self did Death nor Danger fear,
Led on the Front, and glitter'd in the Rear,
Till quite o'erpow'r'd I took my lonely Flight,
Lay hid all Day, and only rov'd by Night.

* *King* WILLIAM.

The

The hollow Wind around me did complain,
And my rich Cloaths were drench'd with driving Rain.

What Courage then could warm the ebbing Blood,

When fainting Nature loudly call'd for Food?
When the pale Moon her waining Silver shed,
And Spectres skimm'd o'er Mansions of the Dead.

Careful I travers'd ev'ry neighb'ring Field,
And pluck'd the Fruits that rural Scenes would yield.

But soon by watchful Avarice betray'd,
For this strong *Tower* I chang'd the foster Shade.

On yonder Hill resign'd my fleeting Breath,
And own'd my Notions in the Face of Death.
Freely resign'd when awful Fa'e did call,
Bright was my Rise, disastrous was my Fall.
So, some fair Morn in lovely Crimson dress,
Delights the World, and glitters in the East;
The tuneful Birds their chearful Mattins sing,
Pearch on the Tree, or stretch a bolder Wing:

But in few Hours tempestuous Clouds arise,
And gath'ring Gloom shades all the low'ring Skies.

Fierce Light'ning's flash, and dreadful Thunders roll,

And Terrors spread round ev'ry distant Pole:

Resistless

Retistless Storms despairing Navies rend,
And shatter'd Fleets to watry Death descend.

THEN young *Berintbus* started in a Fright,
And with the Duke there fled his Vision, and
the Night.

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